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WITH NEAR BY TOWNS.

Drifts Eight Feet High in the Streets
and Business Suspended.—Worst
Storm in Many Years.

A terrific blizzard, which swept the New England states from Maine to Connecticut, set in early on Monday morning and increased in fury as the day wore on, until travel on the railroads was brought to a standstill and all business completely paralyzed. Portsmouth was very near the storm center and received pretty much the full force of the blizzard. Huge drifts were piled up all around town and it was with great difficulty that travel was kept up even on the principal streets. The no school signal was sounded at 8:30 in the morning, giving notice that there would be no session of the lower grades, and at 11:30 it sounded again for no afternoon session. The wind blew a strong gale from the northeast and was biting cold. In fact, it was one of the toughest storms experienced this winter.

Warned in time of the approach of the big storm, Station Agent Grant had a big crew of men at work in the railroad yard clearing the snow away almost as fast as it fell. The snow ploughs were kept running all along the main line, from point to point, but in spite of all these efforts the trains were running very behind time. Train No. 11, due here at 9:45 o'clock, was fifty-five minutes late, and the 10:35 train was over an hour behind hand. The trains from the east and over the Concord branch were also badly delayed, arriving from an hour to an hour and a half behind schedule time. The Dover trains were also running late, but managed to keep somewhere near schedule time.

Early in the afternoon travel on the main line between here and Boston ceased, and not a train reached this city from Boston after two o'clock. Train No. 25 got stalled at Beverly and was still there late on Monday evening. The Concord train, due here at 6:10, was over two hours late. It was ten o'clock before the Yankee left Portland and had not been heard from up to midnight.

The five o'clock train out of this city left on time, with two engines, and all trains during the day were run double-headed.

The Portsmouth, Kittery and York electric road is open and running to Sea Point. Supt. Meloon and men have been working day and night for almost a week and are nearly beat out. This morning at 3 o'clock the plow had succeeded in clearing the tracks for the time being and by running cars every few minutes the first car was able to reach the ferry on time at 7 o'clock this morning. All the spare moments are used in fighting the big drifts beyond Sea Point and if the wind lets up Supt. Meloon is in hopes to get a through car inside the next twenty-four hours.

The telegraph and telephone lines also suffered severely from the effects of the storm, and communication with points outside the city was difficult. The telephone line to Newcastle and Jerry's point stopped working early in the evening and the result of the storm along the coast could not be learned.

As a precaution the patrolmen at the life saving stations were sent out in pairs and a sharp lookout was kept for any vessels which might need assistance. The patrolmen must have suffered severely, as the wind blew half a gale and the snow and sleet cut the face like a knife.

The night police had a very difficult time in making their rounds. Along

towards ten o'clock in the evening there was quite a fall in the storm, but it did not last long and at midnight it was raging fiercer than ever.

How the Trains Didn't Run.

Train No. 102, the "Flying Yankee," was cancelled and did not leave Portland last evening.

Roadmaster D. W. Snow with a crew of men left Portland last evening in a "buggy" drawn by two locomotives. After a shot run the snow plow stuck in a huge drift and the attempt to reach this city was abandoned until today. At 12:35 today the first train came through from the east and was closely followed by No. 44, due here at 12:35.

The morning plowman drove here at 3:50 and trains No. 28 and 18, due to leave here at 7:29 and 8:10 respectively for Boston were cancelled.

No. 25, due here at 2:35 from Boston on Monday afternoon, was cancelled. No. 57, due here at 5:30, got as far as Beverly and stopped.

Trains Nos. 75, 71 and 127, due to arrive here at 6:37, 6:49 and 9:15, didn't leave Boston.

Trains Nos. 9, due here at 9:45, 11, due here at 10:35 and 59, due here at 12:15 hadn't arrived up to 1:30 o'clock.

Conductor Jones made two trips to Newburyport this morning with the scraper. The last time the scraper left a gang of thirty shovelers went along.

STORM NOTES

The big storm of a year ago this month is rivalled and those who were predicting some days ago, that the back of winter was broken are now eating their words and taking a back seat.

Here's hoping that that pesky hedge hog is snowed in so deep that he won't see the light of day again until the thermometer reaches 90 degrees.

One lone lodger received lots of attention at the station house last night.

The storm reached its height about 2 o'clock this morning and the wind howled fiercely.

The drifts in some of the principal streets were eight and ten feet deep.

Station Agent Grant was on duty all last night and had a crew of 100 men employed with shovels. The yard shufflers were kept running back and forth and in this manner the tracks were kept fairly free from snow.

Street Commissioner Hett was in the morning all comers this morning and had several horse teams breaking out the principal streets. The side walk plows were kept running throughout the forenoon. The grocery and provision clerks have been delivering goods on foot and horseback today.

Up to eight o'clock not a team had passed through Vaughan street.

The train which left Boston at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon over the western division arrived in Dover this morning at 8 o'clock.

The first train to Dover this morning left here at 5 o'clock and was made up of snow plow, two locomotives and buggy. After a hard struggle the train reached Dover at 8 o'clock. After a short wait the train left on the return trip and arrived here in twenty-five minutes.

The Strafford County delegation which visited the county farm yesterday remained at the farm all night.

Coffee without milk was a popular beverage this morning.

A lady from Ossipee arrived on the Conway train during the night, having been seen early morning in reaching here. She broke down and wept when informed that there was no chance of her reaching Boston before late this afternoon and stated that her mother had suddenly died in that city and that she was anxious to get there as soon as possible.

Word was received here this morning that a snow plow had been derailed and smashed up at Epping, blocking the tracks there.

Shingles were ripped from roofs and bricks blown from chimneys by the terrific wind last night.

The fishing fleet rode out the gale in the lower harbor.

The streets were practically closed last night for teams.

The storm will furnish employment for hundreds of laborers.

The trains over the Northern division have all been stalled along the line.

The telephone and telegraphic service has stood the gale with good results.

All the freights on the Boston & Maine have been cancelled until further orders.

The lunch wagon was not hauled out on Monday evening, although there was

a number of inquiries for "Edna" and his hot office.

Portsmouth harbor proved a safe haven for at least thirty vessels on Monday evening.

Several parties have been in this city for five days, waiting an opportunity to get to Ogunquit.

A large force of men were employed all night in the Boston & Maine yards.

Undertaker O. W. Ham had a tough experience in conducting a funeral at North Hampton on Monday.

Not for many years has it been necessary to cancel the evening train, on a week day, from Boston to Portland.

A story was in circulation on Monday evening to the effect that a child had been found dead in the snow at Eliot.

Supt. Meloon of the P. K. & Y. has worked like a beaver during the past week to keep cars running on his line.

CITY BRIEFS

The price of eggs has again taken a little rise.

This is tough weather for men employed out-of-doors.

The streets are being gradually opened up to traffic.

The mail carriers will have a load of mail when the Boston trains get in.

A lady eighty years of age was seen shoveling the snow from her pavement this morning.

The South end wharves were crowded with fishing schooners, put in to weather the storm.

The teams of Hon. Frank Jones are transporting a large quantity of coal to the Wentworth, Newcastle.

The Bellamy dance is postponed to Wednesday the 22d. Washington's Birthday.

It is believed that the storm was exceptionally severe at the Isles of Shoals, but the cable being out of order, no news from the islands can be obtained.

Its an ill wind that blows nobody some good. The intense cold, while in some respects uncomfortable, is an arch enemy of the grip and a let up of the malady may be expected if this weather holds on a few days.

The bill arranged by the Rockingham Athletic club for their sparring exhibition at Philbrick hall next Friday evening is by far the best ever given in this city. Every man who will box is a fighter of well known reputation.

County Commissioner de Rochemont came down from Brentwood last evening and found his team waiting for him. An attempt was made to reach Newington but the team was obliged to turn back and both Mr de Rochemont and driver passed the night in town.

The good things in this life are unevenly divided murmured the snowed in citizen as he tunneled into the open through a ten foot drift and saw his neighbor across the street sweeping a few scattered flakes of the beautiful from his side walk with a broom.

A funeral party from this city started for York on Monday morning on the P. K. and Y street railway, but being unable to get through a hack from Beacham and Son's stable drawn by 4 horses was procured and the party reached York after a hard struggle.

The Captain of the barge Elwood received orders to draw fifty dollars from the owners and pay of the crew and send them to their homes. The Captain was told to remain here and await further orders. The crew is at Sweeney's boarding house until the trains get running.

Salt Rheum,
Hands Would
Crack Open

"I cannot say too much in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it has worked wonders in my case. I was afflicted with salt rheum on my hands for many years. I tried many remedies but did not obtain relief. My hands would crack open and bleed profusely and the pain was terrible to bear. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the flesh has healed and my hands are as smooth as a farmer's hands could be. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to my friends, and as far as I can learn it has proved satisfactory." LLOYD B. CHASE, Pottersville, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for salt rheum, that money can buy. All dealers.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

TEA TABLE TALK.

Osakisan,
Joy of Japan,
Thine eyes shine on me still!
Their tender jet
I'll ne'er forget—
Their lustrous love enchants me yet.
As when sweet air
Kisses thy soft hair
On Nugi-Yama's hill!
When o'er the bay
I sailed away,
Across the western main—
It rent my heart
That we must part,
And even now I muse the smart!
Osakisan,
Joy of Japan,
I cannot ease the pain!
Would I might feel
Thy lips' appeal,
My Oriental dove!
I love thee still,
And always will,
Though far from Nugi-Yama's hill!
Osakisan,
Pride of Japan,
Thy heart enslaves my love!

Crazed girl,
O purport speak!
The breakers bar us now!
But still the breeze
Strikes kindly keys
Where Nugi-Yama lifts its trees
Above thy head;
And soft suns shed
Their peace on thy fair brow!
Osakisan,
Bud of Japan,
Before thy charms I bow!

I must offer a little explanation about this poem. I have never been in Japan. I have never seen "Osakisan." Nor do I even know what her name means in English. A friend of mine, who sojourne in the "Flowery Kingdom" for a considerable time, induced me to carve these verses. Little "Osakisan" still lives in his mind, he declares with misty eyes.

The quaint tea house on the dappled slope of Nugi-Yama ("little hill")—the bay of Yokohama spread out in shining glory below, tinted with the marvelous Japanese sunset—the ripple of sweet winds among the smooth leaves of the tea trees—and "Osakisan's" velvet mouth and olive cheeks so near him, where he lolled on the porch and drank in the picturesque scene with his fragrant tea; my friend has told me of all this very vividly.

His desire to send a poetical valentine across the leagues of sea to the tender maid has inspired the four verses above. No, I never gazed into the dark wells of little "Osakisan's" liquid eyes, but I'll take my friend's word as guarantee that she still looks wistfully from the tea house—out over the beautiful bay—for his ship to return and restore the old happiness to her lonely heart.

I knew this streak of cyclonic weather would strike us. About a week ago, a man came into the office, ensconced himself comfortably in a chair and complacently observed, "Well, I'm glad it's February at last. We shan't get much more winter now." The next morning all the blasts from all quarters of the heavens descended upon us and they've stayed with us about ever since. O no, we shan't get much more winter! This is delicious hammock weather! I'm looking for that man.

I happened into the new rooms of the Warner Whist club in Mechanics block last evening. The boys sought comfortable and convenient quarters, instead of anything elaborate, and they are most pleasantly located.

So the patrol wagon and ambulance has become a certainty. Now we may expect a general scramble for the honor of driving it.

I think Mayor Tilton will receive a very courteous and appreciative letter from Admiral Dewey, in response to the invitation forwarded him to visit Portsmouth upon his return to the States. I have read somewhere that the hero of Manila tries conscientiously to acknowledge the receipt of every communication that he receives, however commonplace it may be. He will undoubtedly be pleased to hear officially from Old Strawberry Bank.

What has become of the association of New Hampshire chiefs of police, I wonder? They haven't met around the banquet board for a long time.

To those of us who are endeavoring to make one pair of overshoes last all winter, this continuation of blizzards weather is very sad.

The Anti-Imperialistic League (its name is longer than its membership list) "demands" that hostilities be "immediately" suspended in the Philippines! Come right home, General Otis.

Sharkey showed fine judgment when he squeezed out of a match with Fitzsimmons. He has a fat thing in that fight with Mitchell at London, in May, for ten thousand dollars, and had he faced Fitz in the ring before then perhaps he would have been in rather poor shape for the voyage across. Food.

KITTERY.

A woman considerably under the influence of liquor, and who had a young lady with her on a considerable excursion, met at the Newmarket street waiting room Saturday evening.

Edwin Remick of Methuen has been passing a few days in town, the guest of relatives.

John B. Trefethen lost a valuable coat on Friday.

F. E. Dodge has moved his family to the house on Pine street recently vacated by Winifred Banker.

HIGH LIGHTS

It is only during the honey-moon that married people tolerate each other's pet dogs.

The snake had his faults, but he didn't try to make Eve think that he was a fur box.

True friends are people who know who don't ask us to write to them when we go away.

Other people's extravagances are most distasteful when we are short of cash ourselves.

A cynic is either a young man trying to act old or an old man who is mad because he isn't young.

The woman who can speak French nearly always has a husband who pronounces it as spelled.

Sooner or later men quit crying for the moon and are thankful for a lamp that doesn't run out of oil.

It is better to be fooled once in a while than to live in a world in which you are the only respectable person.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if men would only listen to them when they want to talk.

Human Nature Is Queer.

A Chicago woman waded into the lake chin deep with the evident intention of drowning herself. A young man caught her in the act, leveled a shotgun at her and told her he would blaze away if she did not come to the top of the wet. The bluff went and the young lady waded ashore again. This reminds one of the ancient story of a man who sallied forth with a rope to hang himself. While he was trying the rope to a tree he spied a man making for him and immediately ran for dear life. Human nature is a queer mixture of inconsistency.

A Japanese Industry.

Japanese have entered largely into the manufacturing of matches, and are now exporting 3,500,000 boxes annually, mostly to China and India.

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and how the satisfaction of knowing it has almost utterly cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Get the Globe Dispensary Co. and get a bottle free. Regular size 50c. and 10c. Every bottle guaranteed, or money refunded.

Itches of the skin is banished. Most everybody has it some way or another. Only one cure. Get the Globe Dispensary Co. and get a bottle free. Regular size 50c. and 10c. Every bottle guaranteed, or money refunded.

North's Fish Oil is the best completely cured. Get the Globe Dispensary Co. and get a bottle free. Regular size 50c. and 10c. Every bottle guaranteed, or money refunded.



WIDOW DARBY'S VALENTINE

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

The widow Darby, fair, plump, and looking far younger than her 45 years, had ridden into town with Jared Kent because her horse had lamed himself that morning, and Jared "happened to be going in," and had asked the widow to ride with him.

Jared was what some of the people of the neighborhood called a "regular born old back." He flouted and scorned, and remonstrated most of the fifty years of his life, and had openly set forth his conviction that men were "better off without 'em than with 'em," particularly when it came to "marrying of 'em." He had held to this conviction so long and so stoutly that all of the match-makers in the rural neighborhood in which he lived had given him up as a hopeless case beyond the pale of their schemes for making a benedict of him.

Jared was not, like most avowed women haters, a crabbed, cross-grained, sneeringly cynical man, which made his cecily all the more unpardonable in the eyes of the match-makers.

"He'd make a real good husband if he'd try," they said. "Then he has the good farm in the neighborhood, with one of the best houses on it and money set at interest, although he's not a bit mean and stingy. He'll do his share always for a neighbor in distress. It isn't because he's too stingy to support her that Jared doesn't get him a wife."

It was a clear, crisp morning in February when Jared rode to the village with the widow Darby seated beside him in his neat little cutter. The sleighing was fine, and the air keen and exhilarating. It gave the widow's plump cheeks a beautiful crimson glow and made her black eyes sparkle. She was in high spirits and her laugh rang out frequently as merry and rippling as the laugh of a child.

But then the widow Darby was pre-terribly cheery. She had suffered keenly the loss of her husband and both of her children, but time had softened her grief, and she was too wise to spend her life in gloom and grief over the loss of those who were beyond all care and sorrow.

She had a comfortable little home, and a few acres of land adjoining Jared Kent's. She had known Jared all of her life, but not once had she thought of him as a possible successor to Joel Darby.

"Jared will never marry anyone," she had said. "He isn't of a marrying disposition. Some men are that way. It's all they lack to make 'em what God intended they should be. My husband and I used to talk Jared over a good deal, and we did our full share to get him settled for life with a good wife. We used to invite lots of nice girls, young and elderly both, to our house and then have Jared come over to tea and to play croquet with them. He'd be nice and pleasant and all that, but he never came any ways near falling into any of the traps we set for him. We thought once that he did take a kind of a shine to a nice, sweet real good looking girl of about 20 named Janet Deane from over Shelby way, who was visiting us. She'd made him an awful good wife, and I sung her praises all the time, but nothing came of it."

It was an elegant morning, isn't it? said Jared, as he and the widow flew along over the hills and through long lanes in which the snow was drifted almost to the tops of the fences.

"Oh, it's lovely!" replied the widow. "I like snow."

"So do I. You got much to do in town?"

"No; I'll be through with all of my errands in an hour. I can let something go if you don't want to stay in town that long."

"Oh, that'll be none too long for me. Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll be at Smith & Hanson's dry goods store, any time you say."

"Well, call it 11 o'clock, then."

It was three minutes after 11 when Jared drove up to the appointed place of meeting. The widow, who had stepped into the sleigh and he was tucking the robes in around her when she said:

"There, Jared, I'm just like other women; I've forgotten something."

"What is it?"

"I forgot to go around to the post-office. I know that there's nothing there for me, because one of the Stone boys brought my mail out last night, and there's no mail trains until noon; but poor old Jane Carr came over just before I left and wanted me to be sure and see if there was a letter for her. Her daughter is very sick out west, and she hasn't had a letter for a week, and she's half wild. I couldn't bear to tell her I'd forgotten to go to the office."

"I'll drive 'round that way," said Jared. "It won't be three blocks out of the way."

Two or three boys stood idling in front of the postoffice and Jared said to one of them he chanced to know: "Say, Jimmie, run into the office and see if there's any letter for Mrs. Jane Carr. You needn't ask for me, for I've been around and got my mail."

"You might look in box 184," said Mrs. Darby. "Mebbe there's a drop for you."

Just as she came out a moment later Jared saw a very large square white envelope in one hand and a small blue one in the other. He grinned as he handed them to Mrs. Darby. She

planned at the blue envelope and said joyfully:

"O here's a letter for Jane, and it's from her daughter. I know by the postmark. How glad Jane will be—well, declare!"

She burst into a merry laugh as she looked at the big white envelope and said: "The boy had told the truth when he had gone back to his comrades and said with a titter: 'She's got a valentine!'"

"Who in the land ever sent me that thing?" said Mrs. Darby, holding the envelope out at arm's length. "I didn't even know it was Valentine's Day. If I didn't the greatest idea that I should get a valentine."

"I don't know why you shouldn't," said Jared.

"Oh, because I—but I guess some child sent it."

"Maybe not."

"No one else could have had so little gumption," said the widow with another laugh. "Maybe there's one of these comic valentines inside of it, some ridiculous thing about a widow likely."

"Why don't you open it and see?"

"I will."

She burst into another laugh as she drew forth a dainty creation of lace paper, tinsed and bright colored, embroidered pictures.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she said.

"AN HOUR LATER THEY STOPPED AT JANE CARR'S GATE."

"The idea of any one being silly enough to send an old woman like me a thing like that!"

"You're not an old woman."

"I'm forty-five!"

"Well, I'm older than that, and I don't call myself an old man. Many women around here would be glad to get a valentine like that if the sender really meant it."

"Yes, and if you were the sender."

"I'm not vain enough to think that and not foolish enough to say it if I did think it."

"No, I don't think that you are, Jared. But I wonder who could have sent me this. The writing on the envelope is evidently disguised, and—O, here is something inside! Let's see what it says."

"O wilt thou be my valentine Forever and forever after. And wilt thou take this heart of mine. And give me thine today?"

There was another verso but before she had read it, the widow Darby cried out: "Jared Kent, that's your hand-writing and you need not try to deny it!"

"I'm not trying to deny it. You'll find my name signed in full to the next verse on the other page." This was the next verse:

"If you're my answer is to be, My heart with joy will fill. If 'no,' I still shall be your friend And I shall love you still. They had reached the outskirts of the town. Jared brought the horse to a standstill and said:

"Is it yes or no, Lucy?"

She looked at him with shining eyes, and laughing face for a moment. Then she laid one of her mitted hands on the sleeve of the great fur coat he wore, and said:

"I think it is yes, Jared."

He turned his horse's head toward the town.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Back to the minister's. It's Valentine's Day, you know, and if you are so my valentine, I want you today."

An hour later they stopped at Jane Carr's gate. She came skurrying out for her letter with her apron over her head. "I brought you a letter, Jane, and I got a valentine," said Lucy, holding up the big, white envelope.

"I got one also," said Jared, as he put an arm around his wife and kissed her.

APPROPOS.

Between the sips of coffee I paused a bit to say, "You've surely not forgotten That 'tis St. Valentine's Day?"

You used, when you were courting, To sentimental growl, And send me at this season Some gift quite apropos.

If blue by chance my ball gown, A box would come from you Forget-me-nots containing And a valentine in blue.

If sweet you said my lips were, Like gold my curling locks, You sent a golden jewel And sweets in costly box.

But sentiment by word of mouth Is dulled—or soon or late; No valentine finds Cupid For wiles appropriate."

As day wore on, forgotten These words of sad regret, The door bell rang, I answered, A messenger I met.

An envelope with Cupids And roses all enclosed! I opened it, and, trembling, The pages scanned in haste.

"To silks and lace—one hundred!" To squash, to fish, to ham Payment received—and so forth—"I've done my best. Yours, Sam."

Patting His Foot in It.

Miss Oldgal—My uncle has given me a handsome valentine every year since I was a little girl. So sweetly sentimental of him, don't you think so?

Young Pokelong—Yahs, and very liberal, too. Thirty or forty valentines at four or five dollars apiece—

Miss Oldgal—Silver-r-r-r-r!

A VALENTINE.

Oh, what have I to offer, dear, What gift or growing line, This golden day of all the year, Of good St. Valentine?

I'll make a valentine, and true? What is the gift I can send To you?

But this I send to you apart, Via St. Valentine, All willingly a loving heart— This woman heart of mine, Oh, hold it safely, without fear, Be sure that it is true, And does the gift bring joy most dear To you?

—Theodosia Pickering.

HER LAST VALENTINE.

They knew she was dying—the faded little woman in the faded little bed room. She had clung to life as long as she could, hoping for an answer to her last prayer in her eyes. But her struggle was almost over now; the kind eyes were growing dim.

"See! I've got something for ye, Liddy!" The little circle of splintered relatives and kindly neighbors parted, and good Uncle Silas Peterson came shuffling to the bedside, the snow still clinging to his rough overcoat. He handed a letter in his hand—a coarse and dirty envelope addressed in the crude, sprawling penmanship of a man whom neither life nor education had spared for refinement.

"It's from Orson—Orson, you know," Uncle Silas added, bending over the couch and addressing the dying woman with the tender directness one uses to children—and death.

"Orson?" A smile flashed over the shen face, and the woman lifted a feeble hand for the letter. She kissed it and tucked it under the thin shawl that some loving hand had wrapped over her shoulders.

"Shan't I open it for ye, Liddy?" asked one of the women.

"The dying eyes said 'No.'"

"She thinks it's a valentine from her husband," whispered one of the neighbors. "To-day is Valentine Day, you know. Last year I remember her telling me how she wished Orson would send her a valentine—just some little thing to show her that he loved her the way he did when they were first married."

"Most likely it's a note sayin' he'll say over night and see the races on the ice, to-morrow," was the guarded reply.

The dying woman folded her shawl tightly around the precious letter. A look of perfect peace lighted her face, "He does love me," she whispered, "just as he used to."

Uncle Silas turned away to wipe the mist from his spectacles. There was a little fluttering sign from the bed. "Liddy" had gone home.

When they drew the old shawl from her shoulders, there, tight pressed against her heart by both thin, blue-veined hands, was Orson's crumpled, little letter. They were scarcely able to take it away from her slender, clinging fingers.

"Shall ye open it?" asked Miss Pennington. The women looked furtively at one another, their curiosity struggling with their reverence.

"No," said Miss Daggett, at last. "It's best—sacred. No matter what it says, she died thinkin' it was a valentine. Let's burn it up, so nobody all over know."

The ashes of the unread letter fluttered white about the stove for a few minutes, and then whirled up the chimney, as a gust of February wind roared over the house. "And the little, worn-out, heart-hungry woman lay smiling, as death had found her."

Her Reply.

He being witty, ever bright, Brought him to surprise his love, And said he'd send no trifle light.

With seraph of verse and painted dove, Nay, nay; he'd quite another scheme, He said, with sly, mysterious laugh; And then he sent unto the maid His latest photograph.

It gave the maiden no surprise; She thought the little joke was prime.

The token that he thought more wise Than painted dove and halting rhyme; And, taking paper, pen and ink, She dropped the loving swain a line, And thanked him very kindly for the comic valentine.

Guying.

"Let me be your valentine," he urged, on his knees. She gazed at him, "Sentimental or comic?" she queried. It was the deathnote of his passion.

Eyes at a Church.

Nowadays, when the church hovers so freely the attractions of all sorts of secular places, it is not surprising to learn of an "egg service," held at an English church. The congregation, a poor one, was asked to bring offerings in the shape of new-laid eggs for the sick and convalescent in the hospital. More than 5,000 eggs, including some from the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Fife and Princess Christian arrived, and 4,972 were safely stacked in the church. After the evening services they were repacked and sent to the medical charities for consumption by the patients.

The Colonies Abroad.

More English noblemen are married to colonial than to American heiresses. Since 1860 seventy titled Englishmen have married American and seventy-seven have chosen colonial women. There are nine American and eight colonial princesses. When it comes to Duke, America is in the lead.

Litigated By a Mirror.

The lightning on which Rock, in the Hebrides, is about 500 feet from the shore. To avoid having an attendant on the rock, the light is produced on the shore and projected across the water upon a mirror in the lighthouse, the mirror reflecting the light in the desired direction.

MORMON ROBERTS OF UTAH

The Congressman-Elect is an Owner and a Natural Leader.

ALSO A MAN OF NERVE.

He Defied His Church and Was Severely Disciplined for Insubordination.

When the Election Took Place Many Non-Mormons supported him—The Tremendous Powers of President Snow, Head of the Mormon Church—Some of His Views.

Congressman-elect Brigham H. Roberts, "the man with three wives," would be a grave disappointment to anyone who expected to meet the typical Mormon elder. He is a tall, well-timed, shouldered man, 40 or 41 years old, with noticeable firmness of frame acquired when he learned his trade as a blacksmith. Even his enemies—and he has many—concede his leadership in this state as an orator. He got most of his early education at the state university, and has supplemented it since by constant study and travel. He has written much on the theology of his church. In conversation, Mr. Roberts is earnest, his voice strikingly smooth and well modulated, and he is too serious to appreciate a joke much.

One incident is characteristic enough to show the man's courage. A mob had murdered two Mormon missionaries in Tennessee. Roberts was in charge of all the Southern missions, with headquarters at Chattanooga. Disguising himself as a tramp, he ventured into the region, although he knew discovery would probably mean a rope and a tree for him. He recovered the bodies of the murdered men and made his way back to headquarters in safety.

So much for the personality of the man. His political rise began when he made a noteworthy speech in opposition to woman suffrage at the state constitutional convention, as both the national parties were committed to suffrage. Roberts' position raised a storm. He was finally beaten in the convention, but his very audacity made him a power in Utah politics.

The next step was a nomination for congress on the democratic ticket in 1895. The campaign was fierce, and at its height the leaders of the church issued a manifesto that Roberts had ignored his church obligations when he accepted the nomination without "taking counsel" with his co-workers. The democratic leaders, Roberts among them, in a reassembled state convention, charged that this manifesto was a clear case of ecclesiastical interference in state affairs, but whether the charge was true or not, Roberts was defeated.

The last campaign had barely opened when his opponents made the charge that he was living in active polygamy. Roberts made no public reply until three days before the campaign closed, when the governor, himself the son of a polygamist, declared publicly that Roberts' election would be a calamity. Roberts' reply was a signed interview, which has seldom been equalled for classic English and savage invective.

The returns on election day showed that many Mormon democrats had voted against Roberts. On the other hand, numerous non-Mormons voted for Roberts.

BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS.

That the election of Roberts forebodes a return to the old system of plural marriages is scarcely by non-Mormons of high standing, who believe that the quickest way to settle the so-called Mormon question is to leave it to the Mormons themselves, to the schools and associations with the outside world. Unhappily the older men have maintained their families and do now as they did in the earlier days. But no one familiar with the facts believes that any new polygamous marriages have been contracted in recent years; and no one who knows the modern young Mormon, man or woman, can believe seriously that polygamy is likely to be revived as part of their religious system.

The Mormon church is progressing naturally with the influx of new population and the influence of education and travel.

The office of the present head of the church carries with it the control of enormous material interests as well as the command of affairs spiritual. When President Snow speaks with authority it is recognized by half a million people, for he alone is authorized to proclaim the divine command.

In the business affairs of the church, the president is, ex-officio, the supreme power. He is president of the Zion's Savings & Trust Co., of the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institute, one of the great cooperative stores of this country; he is director-in-chief of the church publishing house and passes upon all questions of policy affecting the official organ of the church, the Daily Desert News.

Tall, rather slender, erect, his form has none of the angularity that usually betokens old age, and the shrink-

ing of the muscular fiber. His brown eyes are as bright as a youngster's, and he will read fine print without glasses, just to show what without living can do to preserve the eye sight.

We have about two missionaries out now," said President Snow. "Most of these are young men, and they go to stay there two or three years, those in foreign lands taking the longer term. We have settlements in Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada and Arizona. There are colonies, also, in Mexico and Canada."

I think that no one will question the industry, the honesty or the law-abiding disposition of our people. If we have been taught anything practical in life, it has been the value of paying our debts, keeping order and fulfilling our obligations generally. We are now making an issue of bonds to take up the church indebtedness, amounting to \$500,000, and it will all be taken right here in Utah because the community knows the word of the church is as good security as can be had.

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Lorenzo Snow.

"You will find our people all right. A few of the older men have more than one wife. Everybody knows that. But," he concluded, with some emphasis, "the men of the younger generation take but one."

UPON A HAUNTED ISLAND.

Three Men Shipwrecked, Rescued by Indians When Nearly Dead.

George Kudge, a well-known prospector whose residence when at home is at Victoria, B. C., reached Nanaimo recently, bringing a thrilling narrative from Port Simpson.

About two weeks ago the eight-ton schooner Ohio was lying in the harbor of Port Simpson and all was being got ready for a trip farther north. On board were Dr. Phillips, a dentist from New York; Robert Black and Bill Bridges. Without warning a gale sprang up and the little craft broke from her moorings and was carried out to sea.

The skipper decided to run before the wind and set the sail. Like a cork the Ohio was tossed and buffeted about until her sails were carried away. Control was almost lost of the vessel, but the three men, after several hours succeeded in rigging a jury sail.

But disaster followed in her wake, and with out warning the vessel grounded on the reef of a small island. The men had not an instant to lose and jumped overboard. Each managed to fight his way through the surf and reach the shore. Hardly had they done so when a big wave dashed up the reef where the schooner was wedged, lifted her high on its crest, and retreating took the little vessel out to sea.

On an uninhabited island, far removed from civilization, the three men were left. Their only hope lay in the Indians of the district, but as the island is said to be haunted by aborigines it was soon realized that it would be a difficult matter to get them to approach, even should they come near when the gale abated.

For seven days and nights they wearily walked the beach, never relaxing their lookout for passing vessels. A big fire was kept up, and when the wind shifted it had to be removed to a more protected spot, as their matches had been used up. On the seventh day, when the strength of the three men was ebbing, two Indians hove in sight. The men rushed frantically up and down the beach in an effort to attract the attention of the Indians. At last they succeeded and the boat reached shore.

The older Indian would not leave the boat and set too upon the haunted island, but the younger man, who was superstitious, landed and promised to take the men to Port Simpson. On the trip down they became delirious and the two Indians had a hard time to keep the three castaways in the boat.

Chair for a Dead Man to Sit In.

The funeral of Reuben J. Smith, whose peculiar desire that his body should be placed in a chair in a tomb, the construction of which he personally directed some time ago, was held at Amesbury, Mass., recently. The arrangements were carried out in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Smith. The reclining chair which he had selected for the repose of his body had been brought to the apartment and the body was placed on it.

Instead of a house it was necessary to use an undertaker's covered wagon. This vehicle, followed by three carriages, proceeded to Mount Prospect Cemetery, where the chair containing the body was placed with in the tomb. Mr. Smith's expressed desire was that the door of the tomb should be left open for a time, and hundreds of persons were permitted to view the body before it was finally locked. The key was destroyed after the ceremonies, according to Mr. Smith's order.

A Great Collection.

A London man who always takes a cigar when invited out to dinner, though he does not smoke, has now a collection of half a century's accumulations, each cigar wrapped up and labelled with the date and occasion on which it was taken.

A NEW MEXICAN EPISODE

The Gun Play of a Bad Man From Nowhere, and Its Sequel.

A BARROOM TRAGEDY.

The Stranger's Method of Dealing With a Refusal to Imbibe.

Dashed a Glass of Whiskey Into His Opponent's Eyes and Pulled His Gun—The Bartender Knew His Business and Ended the Difficulty With Great Promptitude.

"Where he came from or who he was nobody knew. He was not communicative, and nobody was tempted to ask him. That he was bad all hands who saw him agreed when he rode in through the new town and began drinking in the saloons about old Las Vegas, Plaza. You could read it in his burnt red skin and wide, low cheekbones, and thin, straight lips and square jaw. It was just as plain that he was mean of disposition and bound to get meaner with every drink he took. He was tall and wiry of build and carried himself like a man who knew what it was to take care of himself in rough places, and it was an ominous sign that while drink brought an ugly gleam into his eyes, it did not freeze him a bit or make him talkative. It was the winter of '89, the year after the Atchison road came to Las Vegas, and nights and desperadoes and gamblers from everywhere had flocked to the town, which was the biggest and hottest on the line of the New Mexico division.

"He had been drinking pretty steadily since 10 o'clock in the morning, and it was about 4 in the afternoon when I stepped into the Escondido saloon, where he was standing at the bar," said Ellis Lyford, sometime of New Mexico, continuing his account of an episode which he prefaced with the foregoing personal description.

I was new in the country or I might have remarked the circumstance that the saloon was pretty empty for that hour in the day. The bartender, in a white jacket and apron, two cattle-men talking business at a table in one corner, and the stranger, with his elbow on the counter, were the only people there when I entered. I asked the bartender if a friend of mine had been in, and then, before going out, called for a drink. I swallowed the whiskey and had turned toward the door when the stranger spoke to me.

"Have a drink," he said. I caught the eye of the bartender, and he gave me a look which said "Go away" as plainly as words could have done.

"Please excuse me," I said. "I have just had one."

"You're making too much talk," the stranger said, and turned to the bartender. "Set out the stuff and a couple of glasses. The gentleman, with a drawing, sarcastic emphasis on the word, is going to do me the high honor to take a drink with me."

"The gentleman says he does not want to drink," said the bartender, setting before him a whiskey bottle and a glass.

The stranger filled the glass to the brim, and not taking his eyes from mine, pushed it along the counter towards me. I saw that he meant to go through with what he had started to do. It was his first outbreak since he had begun drinking in the morning, and all the homicidal devil within him, which had been coming to the surface as he turned in the liquor, now had full control.

Watching him, I was aware that the cattleman had stopped in their conversation to look, and that the bartender, a fresh-faced, boyish-looking young fellow, was pulling the bottle toward him as he wiped the counter with a cloth.

"So you'll not drink your whiskey," said the stranger, with an ugly setting of his jaw and a drawing at the corners of his thin lips, as I shook my head. "You'll take it this way, then," and with a motion as sudden as a cat's he threw the whiskey into my eyes. As, blinded, smarting and half knocked off my feet by the shock, I clung helpless to the counter a crashing sound was in my ears and a noise of the falling of flying glass, then the slam of a chair overturned in the corner where the cattleman were, and the footsteps of men gathering about me. Somebody wiped my eyes with a wet towel and the bartender's voice said:

"Come with me. Here, step around a little, this way. Now straight ahead."

Holding my hand and with one arm around me, the bartender was guiding my steps to the back of the saloon. He turned me aside once as we went, but not so quickly but that my foot tripped against something on the floor which I knew to be the body of a man. They heard him pouring water into a basin, and he said: "Now, dip your eyes in this and keep them there till the doctor comes."

"By the time the doctor came, which was in a few minutes, the smarting of my eyes was nearly gone, and I could see as well as ever. With my face in the water I had not paid much attention to the comings and goings in the room, but when I lifted my head and looked around I saw a crowd of men standing about a man stretched out on a plank laid across some whiskey barrels. It was the stranger who had thrown the liquor in my eyes, and he was as dead as Julius Caesar. A smash in the head with a whiskey bottle had settled him short, and it was the boyish looking bartender who had done the trick.

"I understand he be none too soon," the bartender said to me afterward. "He had his pistol half way out when he went down. Why should he wish to kill you? Ask me something easier. All I know is, some men get that way when liquor is in them."

"It never to my knowledge was found out who the gentleman from nowhere was, and, in default of a name, his resting place is unmarked among the illustrious dead who have ceased from warfare and sleep their last sleep in that hill cemetery outside the old town."

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WASHINGTON.

December 26, 1898, January 2, Feb. 6 and March 13 and 27, April 3, 10 and 24, 1899

Seven Days.

RATE, \$23.00.

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Ladies garments, Ladies Par and America styles cut and made.

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HOUSES OF THE CABINET

Well Arranged Abodes Where the President's Advisers Find Home Comforts.

AN IMPOSING GROUP.

Five Members of the Circle Are Housekeeping And the Others Are Not.

House of the Secretary of State One of the Finest in Washington—All Are Well Adapted for Solid Comfort and Entertainment—House of the Secretary of War Is Commodious.

The cabinet homes are quite an imposing group at present, and President McKinley's official family is well housed. Five members of the cabinet circle are housekeeping, and the others who are not, the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Interior, have the comforts of home without their responsibilities.

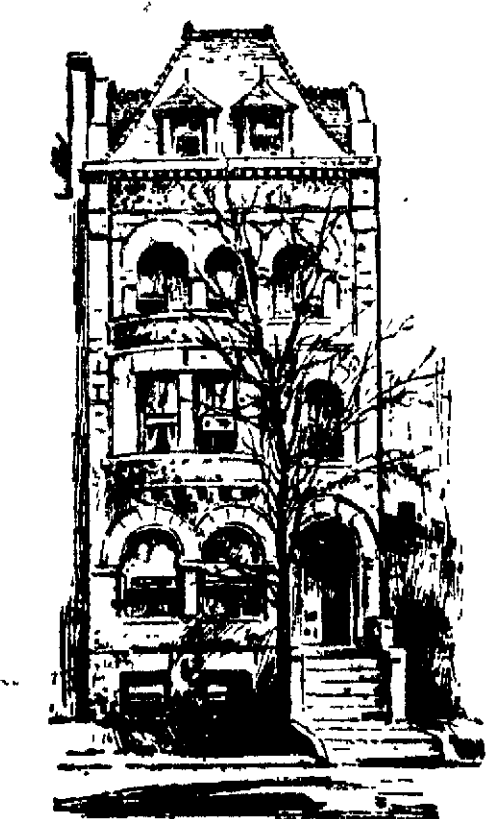
The home of the Secretary of State is one of the finest in Washington, and its interior beauties are already well known to nearly every one present in society. The house was built not many years ago by Mr. Hay, and has every modern convenience and luxury. Its adornment in wood and marble is of a character which improves with age. It is spacious and well adapted to purposes of official hospitality. Perhaps what would strike the average visitor most, however, is the fact that it has few dark corners, and the drawing rooms are especially "handy" and cheerful. The driveway approaches the front steps, and the entrance is broad and spacious, in keeping with the wide hall and stairway. The hall divides the house, and is quite the feature of it being as spacious as the rooms. The dining room, which has a fine marble fireplace and wide hearth, is on the north. A reception room and the drawing rooms are on the south.



HOME OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL. side of the house. The library, where family portraits hang above the well-lined shelves, is one of the finest rooms in the house.

Secretary Gage's home, while a single house, affords plenty of room. The entrance hall has one side of the wall nearly covered by a large mirror. The drawing room has light woodwork, embellished with gilt Napoleonian garlands, and the carpets and hangings are in Nile green. The square hall about in the middle of the house is furnished almost like a room. It has a wide fireplace and an elaborately carved stone mantel. The staircase is broad, and at about half the height of the story there is a landing, from which more steps lead on either side to the chambers on the second floor.

The home of the Secretary of War, is commodious and its arrangements have already well stood the test in accommodating large companies. The rooms on the front of the English basement make convenient waiting and office rooms. The stairway, which is comfortably provided with useful landings, leads to the drawing



SECRETARY GAGE'S RESIDENCE. room floor. The hall window, always filled with plants, makes a pretty effect. The drawing room is deep and broad and is handsomely furnished. Many of the paintings belong to Secretary Gage's private collection and are examples of the best modern artists. The music room at the rear of the drawing room has yellow hangings and yellow tint prevail in it generally.

Attorney General Griggs' house has something of the effect of a double house, the hall having a window. The hall and the staircase make a very ornamental feature and are lighted by a fine stained glass window at the top of the first landing. The drawing room is ample and is richly furnished, light tint prevailing. The dining room is at the rear of the parlor suite, which, in size and elegance, exceeds the splendid facilities for the comfortable moving about of a large gathering.

Postmaster General and Mrs. Smith

have leased the former residence of Mrs. Linsley. It is a modern mansion, and is well arranged and well furnished. The drawing rooms and dining room are on the first floor, and the substantial-looking oak stairway to the second floor is a fine feature. The house is well furnished and splendidly arranged for entertaining.

The Secretary of Agriculture and Miss Wilson have a cozy residence which is bright and cheerful in every part. The house was just finished when they leased it and its decoration was after Miss Wilson's direction. It has an oddly shaped hall, on



SECRETARY ALGER'S HOME, which the parlor, music room and dining room, which are on opposite sides, open. The cozy corner, and Turkish corner in the hall are exceedingly tasteful. All the furniture came from the western home of the Secretary, and has the familiar look which recalls their old life. Secretary Wilson's household consists of his two sons and daughter, Miss Wilson, who presides for him.

MILLIONS IN HIS MIND

Has a Scheme to Take Unlimited Quantity of Gold From the Earth.

In the jail of Fulton county, Georgia, near the Queen City of the Southland, Atlanta, there is confined for the non-payment of a bill of \$15 a man who claims to have at his command the secret for acquiring millions upon millions of dollars. His name is David J. Telfair, and his scheme, as it affects latter day science, must take rank with such marvels of romance as the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, Colonel Mulberry Sellers and his fortune producing plans and the vaporous vision of the gentleman who claims to have discovered a practical means of infusing ten-dollar gold pieces from hard-boiled eggs.

Mr. Telfair's scheme in a nutshell is this:—He will place two poles in the auriferous ground, distant from each other ten miles, turn on a powerful current and then sit with a big mouthed pouch or a tank at the negative end and wait for the good yellow metal to make its appearance from the positive pole and drop conveniently into his receptacle.

Such a paltry detail as the too, too solid rock, which ordinarily requires a persistent and heroic drilling to impress, will not figure at all, as the current will catch up the nuggets in its tenacious grasp and hurry them along for miles through their adamantine bed, the golden current being augmented every minute until it becomes a raging torrent when it emerges from the earth at the point where the watchful Telfair sits to garner his treasure.

Mr. Telfair is a man to remember. When he talks his eyes grow round and wondrous, his tones take on a caressingly convincing cadence, and there is the tinkle of astral bells and the busy yet subdued sound of unseen wheels revolving through the air suspiciously near the Telfair apex.

Mr. Telfair, as familiarly of Barney Barnato and their experiences in South Africa. There was a mammoth fortune in store for both, and Barnato's suicide would have been needless had he followed Telfair's advice. But Barnato grew jealous. This was after Telfair had put in four epileptics in South African soil and was getting a goodly sum very rapidly on plates. These plates he sent to London, and the "clean up" showed the tidy accumulation of \$800,000 in gold.

Mr. Telfair is a Georgian and the promoter of a mining company with the modest capitalization of \$100,000,000. He calls his process an elaboration of the electrolysis idea. He is at present a resident of the county jail because, as he explains it, he refused to pay a bill for \$15 worth of shoes a week after he had once reimbursed the dealer.

Isn't the amount of the bill that Telfair objects to; it's the principle of the thing, he says.

Champion Horseback Rider.

The champion long-distance horseback rider of the world resides near Allensville, Ky. He is a prominent farmer living three and one-half miles from that place, and owns another farm one mile and three-quarters from where he resides. Every morning bright and early he rides to the back of the farm where he resides, a distance of one mile, and returns, making two miles. Then he goes to his other farm, a distance of one mile and three-quarters, and returns, making three and one-half miles.

Then he comes to Allensville, a distance of three and one-half miles, and returns, making seven miles. That makes twelve and one-half miles he rides every morning. In the afternoon he makes the same trips. After supper he goes to Allensville and returns home, making in all thirty miles a day. He does this every day in the year, making 11,080 miles a year. He travels at least 120 miles a year fishing and hunting, making a grand total of 12,400 miles a year. He has done this steadily for twenty years, making in all 248,000 miles. He travels every two years a distance equal to the circumference of the earth, so if he had kept a straight course for the past twenty years he would have been around the world ten times. He is likely to keep this up for twenty years longer.

A Marvelous Recipe.

Bandow slipped during the performance of his feat of holding up a piano on the piano in a Liverpool theatre, the result being the smashing of the piano, a week in bed for the pianist, but no harm to Bandow himself.

ABOUT THE CHINCH BUG.

The Pest That Has Caused a Loss of Millions to Our Farmers.

ITS ORIGIN AND HABITS.

In Three Years It Destroyed \$2,000,000 Worth of Farm Property in Ohio.

They Mature in Sixty Days—Kale and Keweenaw Are the Only Things That Will Kill Them Has Been at His Ravages in This Country Since 1785—Some New Facts Regarding Him.

"I came, I saw, I conquered," has long been the boastful song of that impudent bird, the mighty Blusius Leucopertus, otherwise known as the chinch bug.

He has long had a cinch on everything. No other insect native to the Western Hemisphere, says Prof. S. M. Webster, entomologist of the Ohio Experiment Station, has spread its devastating horde over a wider area of country with more fatal effects than this one.

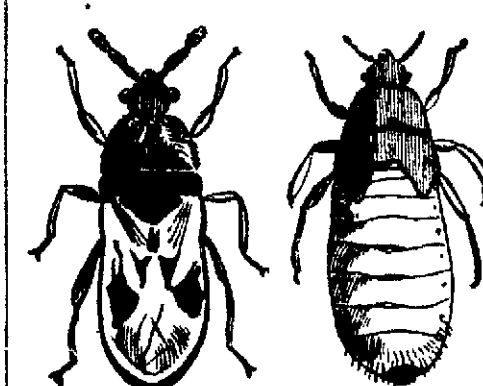


CORN EATEN BY THE CHINCH BUG.

Prof. Webster gives an account of its probable origin and diffusion, its habits and development, natural checks and remedial and preventive measures, with mention of the habits of an allied European species.

Here are a few facts which Prof. Webster has put in his bulletin: The American chinch bug has made its appearance in every part of North America from Cuba to Manitoba. He hasn't made much headway west of the Rockies. He hibernates in the adult stage. If there is an ample supply of proper food close at hand he simply crawls from his hibernating place, but if he is in the timothy meadows of Northern Ohio, he does nothing but continue his ravages where he left off the autumn before.

He, or rather she, deposits her eggs above or below the surface of the ground, among the roots of the grass or grain. She deposits about 500 eggs, scattering them over a period of from



MR. CHINCH. MRS. CHINCH.

10 days to 3 weeks. In 60 days the baby chinch bugs grow to youth and mature to manhood and womanhood, and are ready to have fun with the farmer. But if it rains much at a certain period Mr. and Mrs. Chinch and the little chinch have a hard time of it, and it is worse than the yellow fever is to humans.

Certain fungi are death to the chinch as toadstools are to small boys. If the Entomophthora Aphidis, or the Sporotrichum Globuliferum meets him it's a certainty that he will kill the chinch bug.

Some birds kill him, among these being the quail, prairie chicken, blackbird, catbird, thrush, lark and house wren. But if you can give him a dose of kerosene he is done for instant.

Mr. Chinch has been at his ravages in our land since 1785, when he killed nearly all the wheat in North Carolina. During the years 1894-'97 he got away with \$2,000,000 worth of farm property in Ohio alone. Since he began his depredations on the farmers of the United States he has cost them fully \$330,000,000.

From the above facts it will be seen the chinch is a mighty power in the land, and Prof. Webster has done his State, as well as the whole country, a great service in exposing the little rascal.

WILLIAM L. BUTLER.

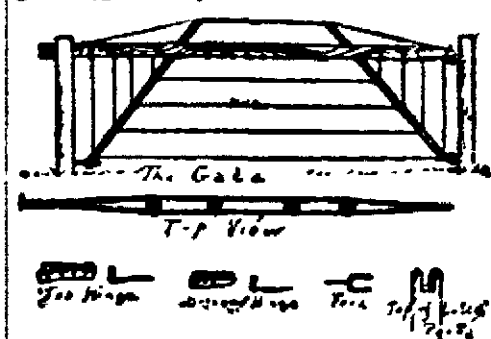
Farm Better Than Shop.

On the farm the laborer is kept busy from early spring until late fall or early winter, but he is not compelled to begin work at any hour or to stop at any hour; he is not belted or whistled in and out or his day's work.

A LIGHT FARM GATE.

It Combines Strength, Convenience and Is Easy to Build.

I have had considerable trouble with my farm gates until I struck upon the idea of building them according to the accompanying illustration, and as I do not intend to patent the gate, your readers have full privilege to build it. I think it is the best farm gate I have ever seen. There is no warping or sagging of top pieces, it is extremely light, the wind has but little influence on it, and it can be raised over obstructions such as snow, etc.



THE GATE.

It is composed of two pieces of 1 by 4 inches, as long as gate is wanted, and enough additional length to extend beyond the post which bears the latch, two blocks in center to act as spreaders, two by 4 in. braces with galls 1/2 in. deep cut in each side with the top and bottom gate hinges are double so as to embrace the wood and bolted through. The top post hinge is made as shown in the illustration. The bottom post hinge is similar. The bottom gate hinge has a long slot in one end of slide on lower post hinge. This arrangement allows gate to be raised over latch post and over obstructions. These lower hinges should be put on carefully, letting post hinge extend out toward gate far enough to keep latch end of gate up in place. The latch post has slot cut in top for end of gate to rest in. There is also a forked iron bolt on bottom to hold lower part of gate in position, placed just high enough to allow bottom of brace to clear when gate is raised over post; this gate swings both ways.

Personal Knowledge of Farm Work.

Common sense teaches us farmers that we must devote our time exclusively to our work on the farm or we will suffer loss. For instance, one farmer told me the other day that he had some extra work to look after last summer and that he was foolish enough to hire an extra man to do his farm work while he galloped down the road looking after some one else's work. Every true farmer has some particular method which no hired man cares to follow except while in sight of the "boss," and it sometimes happens that all the intentions of the farm do not get the attention they would if the owner was doing the work himself, as was the case of the farmer alluded to at the beginning of this article. This farmer said he tried his best to teach the man that was doing his work how to cultivate corn, but it was practically out of the question. He simply went over the field as a machine would, regardless of the requirements of the soil. As a result serious shrinkage in yield was experienced.

A machine man on the farm is worse than an unruly animal, for they (the animals) can be tied down, with the assurance that they will come to time, but with the other fellow nothing can be done. Corn, like all other crops in one respect, has to be well cared for from the very beginning to get best results. Some places in the field may need deep cultivation, while others may require shallow, and if a man is so absorbed in something else that he does not notice this difference in these places he is not on the road to successful farming.

American French Peas.

Only a few years ago practically all the canned peas consumed in this country were imported from France, the famous petit pois. At that time it was deemed impossible to produce the required quality in this country, consumers desiring firm, even bright green goods, and though sulphate of copper was used in securing that color it made comparatively little difference with the trade. American packers, however, experimented with the object of producing a pea the equal of the French article, and have well they succeeded is now an old story.

Starting with good seed, and under careful cultivation, the American pea now equals the imported product of France, and our packers have built up an industry which has become an important feature of the great canned goods trade of the country. The careful selection of seed has resulted in a variety having all the desirable qualities of the French product and requiring the addition of no coloring substances to make them attractive. American canned peas stand on their merits. Wisconsin and New York are the leading pea-packing States, although others are rapidly developing the industry.

Swine Breeding. When several sows are kept, so far as it can be done, it will be best to breed them as nearly at the same time as possible, as in this way a more even and valuable lot of pigs can be secured.

It is best to give the sows the run of a small pasture. The exercise they will help in maintaining good health.

It is of no advantage to keep the brood sows fat. In fact, a fat condition is more detrimental than otherwise. Good thrift is in every way much better.

Dowry Mildew.

These are parasite fungi, which live upon the internal substance of the plant, particularly the leaves. These mildews affect the grape, cabbage, onion and potato. They can be held in check by the use of Bordeaux mixture.

THE MAJOR'S BRIDE

In the year 1847, in the ancient city of Puebla, a young couple were carrying on a conversation which seemed to be of great interest to them. The one, a young fellow wearing the uniform of the United States Army, was saying, "Though you confess that you love me, you still declare that you cannot marry me?"

"Yes," said the other sadly, a beautiful young Mexican girl, "I love you but I cannot be your wife. I have promised my hand to my cousin, to whom my father owes more than he can pay. But he has promised that if I marry him he will cancel the debt taking me in exchange. I hate him, she continued fiercely, "but I must keep my word."

"But," said the young man impetuously, "this barrier and sale is barbarous. Can't you be made to reconsider your decision?"

"No," said the maiden despairingly, "it is impossible. We must part, and do not make our parting harder for me to bear by your reproaches."

Several months previous, just after the American army had entered Puebla on its victorious march to the capital, Captain Robert Reynolds had been able to perform a notable service for Senor Garcia, a Mexican of reputed wealth, and his daughter, Inez. One day while out driving the senior's carriage horses became frightened by the maneuvers of a company of soldiers and twisting suddenly threw the coachman from his seat and started at full speed down the road. Captain Reynolds, seeing the danger, rushed into the street, and grasping the maddened horses by the bits after a severe fight succeeded in stopping them. The senior was voluble in his thanks and in his praise of the young American's courage, but far more acceptable to the young captain was the shy glance of gratitude he received from the senior's beautiful daughter. His acquaintance thus formed with the family, soon ripened into intimacy, his intimacy into love. But on the day before he left Puebla with his command, when he told his love to the dark-eyed beauty he was kindly but firmly rejected, as we have seen.

The next morning Captain Reynolds rode away at the head of his company, his dream of love rudely broken. But the army was soon too busily engaged to allow him to indulge in useless reminiscence. At Contreras he distinguished himself, and having been so fortunate as to save his colonel's life was breveted major for his gallant conduct. At the storming of Molina del Rey his company was one of the first to enter the works. Here, however, he was severely wounded, and when in a few days the City of Mexico surrendered he was borne into the conquered capital among the other injured Americans. His case was a critical one, and, as his head was severely injured, brain fever soon set in. It is a matter of history how the Mexican women tended and nursed our wounded and dying soldiers. So when one morning a woman in the garb of a nun presented herself at the hospital and offered her services as a nurse it excited no comment. The sick man's constant cry had been "Inez, Inez!" This served as an index to his ravings, and the surgeon said, "If we could only secure the presence of the Inez he talks about, it might possibly calm him and there would be some hope of his ultimate recovery."

After the arrival of the new nurse who confined herself almost entirely to the bedside of Major Reynolds, this cry was hushed and his ravings in a measure ceased. Her presence would cool him in his wildest moments, and soon the care of the patient passed wholly into her hands.

At last the fever had run its course and Major Reynolds, though not convalescent, had now, in the doctor's opinion, some chance for life. What was the invalid's surprise when he opened his eyes and recovered his faculties to see beside him the face of his only love, Inez Garcia, whom he recognized even with her disguising habiliments. "Is it really you, Inez?" said he, his voice surprising even himself in its weakness. "I thought it was a dream."

"Yes," said she, "but you must not speak or even think. Those are the surgeon's orders."

"Now, if you will promise to be quiet, I will tell you how I happen to be here. In the first place, I am not married and" (very demurely) "am not likely to be. My cousin was killed at Churubusco, and my father, being next of kin, inherited his estate, so that now he is free from those difficulties which encompassed him some time ago. Hearing of your misfortune, I persuaded my father to come here so that I could take care of you."

"And now," broke in the major, "there is no obstacle to our marriage. Is that what you mean to imply?"

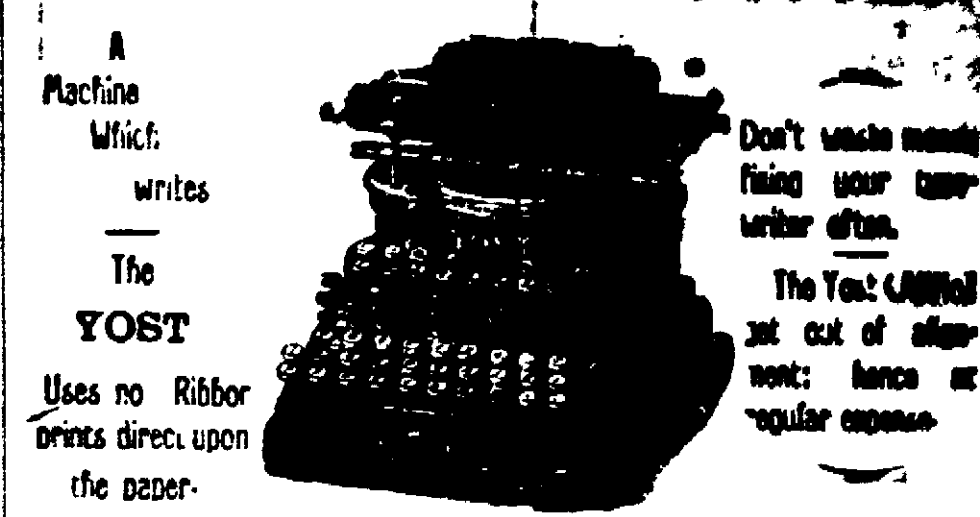
Her answer is not given, but it seemed satisfactory to all parties concerned.

"And now," continued Inez, "I must leave you, though I will visit you frequently in my own proper persona."

Reynolds' recovery, no longer doubtful, was rapid. But when he attempted to thank the surgeon that worthy replied: "Young man, you owe your life not to me, but to the careful nursing of that nun who has so mysteriously disappeared."

The war was soon ended, and Reynolds, having been removed as soon as practicable to the home of his betrothed, soon recovered his usual health. The old senior, conquering his repugnance to the idea of marrying his daughter to one of the victorious Americans, at length granted his consent, and soon after the treaty that secured peace to both Nations was signed, the ceremony was solemnized with all due pomp and splendor.

PERFECTION



The New No. 4 Yost Type-Writer. Our Stationary Pointer Saves the Eyesight.

We have Second-Hand Type-Writers for sale. Write us if you wish your office properly equipped. For Particulars and Information Apply at This Office.



Self-Cleaning Hand Rake. A Novelty And a Necessity. The same of perfection in a lawn and garden rake. You can rake for hours with this rake and dead leaves and grass cannot clog.

This is a recent patent and patent right will be sold at a bargain. Address,

D. L. P., PORTSMOUTH VERMONT OFFICE, Portsmouth, N. H.

Thousands of contents riders are enjoying new cycling pleasures which can only be had through the possession of a

COLUMBIA Bevel-Gear Chainless Bicycle, \$125.

These riders are up-to-date. They can afford the best and will have nothing else. They consider our reputation and 21 years' experience when we tell them Bevel Gears accurately cut are the most improved and best form of spoke construction.

Columbia Chain Wheels, \$75. Hartford, \$50. Vendettes, \$40 and 35.

W. W. McIntire, - - High St.

A GOOD SUIT OR OVERCOAT Made to Order

Up to Date Prices According to Selection. Wm. P. Walker. Leading and Oldest Custom Tailor in Portsmouth.

Market Square. THOMAS LOUGHLIN, BOTTLER OF Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Lager, Jones' Golden Ale, and All Kinds of Light Drinks.

Family Trade Supplied. Orders by Telephone Promptly Attended. OFFICE AND WORKS, MAPLEWOOD AVENUE.

ANTAL-MIDY. These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Capaba, Cubes or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. For sale by George Hill, Druggist.

Gray & Prime. DELIVER COAL. No Dust No Noise. 111 Market St. Telephone.

PILES. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It also cures hemorrhoids, piles, and all the same diseases without inconvenience. For sale by George Hill, Druggist.

Lewis E. Staples'
Clearance Sale
 Continues Through This Week

Good Bye Prices Are Put On Lots Of Goods.
 Dress Goods, Cloaks, Wrappers,
 Blankets,
 ALL OLD LOTS AND REMNANTS.

Unbleached Cotton 3 1-2cts.
 Bleached Cotton 4 cts.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
 7 Market Street.

OUR FIRST DUTY
 Is to Compound Prescriptions.

We are always ready to do that, from early morning until late at night you'll find dependable service here. And when we say dependable service, we not only mean that a skilled pharmacist will prepare your medicines, but that each ingredient will be of the best quality and in perfect condition.

We are reasonable in price, too.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY
 FRANKLIN BLOCK.
 Portsmouth, N. H.


W. E. Paul
 Sanitary Plumber,
 Heating Engineer
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 WINDMILLS AND PIPING.

SOLE AGENT FOR
MAGEE
 Boston Heater Furnace
MAGEE
 Grand Ranges and Stoves.
 KITCHEN FURNISHING GOOD.

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 SURVEYOR,
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 REAL ESTATE
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32 Congress St.
 WE HAVE
CANDY
 At All Prices From
 10 Cents a Pound Up.
 Call and See Our Stock.
RALPH GREEN,
 35 Congress Street.

THE HERALD.
 TUESDAY, FEB. 14, 1899.
 THE REAL AND THE IDEAL




ROMANCE
SAILED BOYS' FAREWELL.
 Farewell to dear old Portsmouth, For six long months, or more, We'll roam on the ocean deep, To foreign ports and shore. But then there's to remember And cheer us on our way, Kind friends in that New England town On the banks of the Piscataqua. And yet, with all, sure as Heaven's above, Its trying, awful, fearful To leave behind those whom we love; Oh, say 'tis something fearful! So please, kind friends, just pray for us, Through this, our short vacation, And also ask our safe return To this, our home and Nation. —J. H. M., U. S. S. Alliance, Feb. 13, '99.

A TREAT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
 The Grafford club is to provide a treat for boys and girls on Thursday afternoon, February 16th. Mrs. Elizabeth Y. Ratan of Boston, a famous storyteller, will entertain them with a series of stories. Suitable music will also be provided. A limited number of tickets, at twenty-five cents each, for those under sixteen years of age, will be put on sale today at H. P. Montgomery's store. The entertainment will begin at quarter past four in Pythian hall in Franklin block.

ORGANIZED IN KITTERY.
 W. Emery company has been organized at Kittery for the purpose of manufacturing lumber, builders' finish, etc., with \$25,000 capital stock, of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, Harold W. Simonds of Boston; Treasurer, Frank E. Rowell of Kittery; Certificate approved, February 8th, 1899.

About Cataract.
 It is caused by a cold or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Its symptoms are pain in the head, discharge from the nose, ringing noises in the ears. It is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies and enriches the blood, soothes and rebuilds the tissues and relieves all the disagreeable sensations. Hood's Pills cures all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood and Co., Lowell, Mass.

SPEAK HERE THIS EVENING.
 National Vice President H. E. Stone of the National Association of Stationary Engineers, of Cambridge, Mass., and State Deputy C. E. Kelly of Concord, will address Piscataqua association this evening at Iron hall and the members of the local association would extend a welcome to all stationary engineers to attend.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
 Today, and every day next week, our advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, River Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded. H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

FIREMEN ON THE ALERT.
 Chief Engineer Randall of the fire department took every precaution on Monday, and at night, to be in readiness to respond with all his apparatus. Extra men were kept on duty at all the engine houses, and had the department been called out quick time would have been made.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Burdock Blood Bitters is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.

ANNUAL INSPECTION OF COUNTY FARM.

Superintendent Bean and his Assistants Entertain Thirty Legislators.

Thirty members of the legislature and their assistants gathered at the county farm on Monday in spite of the unfavorable weather, to make the customary inspection of the farm, and to give the county delegation an idea of the needs of the institution.

In the first place the *Leah* feels justified in stating that the institution was never in such perfect condition as to service and management as it is at the present time.

Superintendent Bean and his most estimable wife were complimented on all sides, as were Commissioners deBouchmont, Paul and Colby, who have given the farm much attention.

The guests were met at Epping and driven to the farm, where they were royally received. Many fine spreads have been provided on these occasions, but Mrs. Bean is clearly entitled to first place among those who have had charge of the dinner on previous occasions.

The inspection of the farm was thorough, and all the departments were found to be well managed, and all the assistants at the farm were complimented on every hand.

The delegation will recommend liberal appropriations for one or two new buildings, which are much needed.

BARGE ELWOOD.

Lies in Walker's Dock Nearly Broken in Two.

The big coal barge Elwood, mentioned in Monday's *Herald* as having sunk at the dock near Walker's coal pocket at the foot of State street, will probably prove a total loss, as the way the craft looks now she is broken in two in the middle. Her stern is way under water so that at high tide the top of the cabin is just outside, while her bow is high and dry out of water. Her owners have been notified, and as soon as the weather moderates, some effort will be made to save the cargo. It is understood the vessel and cargo are insured.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Four blockmakers were required on the yard on Monday. The Alliance is going on a cruise to Europe when she returns from Cuba.

With the departure of the Alliance is sure to see a number of discharges.

News that the "Topeka" has been forced to put into Portsmouth harbor owing to the fact that Boston harbor is frozen, is expected daily.

The officers on the ships at the yard are congratulating themselves that they are not mixed up in the ice at Boston and New York during the gale.

The weather on Saturday and Sunday did considerable damage to the steam pipes in the general store and in the department of steam engineering.

FOUND EXHAUSTED IN THE SNOW.

Mr. Everett McNabb, while coming up Pleasant street early on Monday evening, found a young lad named DeCourcy lying in the snow, just this side of Gates street corner. With the aid of Dr. S. F. A. Pickering, who happened along at that time, the young chap was dug out and taken to his home on Wentworth street. It seems he had been carrying papers and had got so far on his way home, when he dropped in the snow thoroughly exhausted. With the help of hot stimulants and blankets he was brought around all right and it is thought will suffer no ill effects from his exposure.

A GOOD RECORD.

For the past twenty years Mr. John Mooney has been supplying the Rockingham with fresh milk. During this time he has not missed a morning, traveling through all sorts of weather conditions. This morning he was unable to get out his horses but nothing daunted he and his hired man grasped a big can in each hand and floundered through the drifts to the hotel in time to serve fresh milk at breakfast to the large number of guests now bound at this popular hostelry.

MCEVOY-COCHRANE.

Mrs. Katherine Cochrane, nee Foley, and Mr. William McEvoy, two well-known people were united in matrimony this morning at 8 o'clock at the church of the Immaculate Conception. Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan performing the ceremony. The newly wedded couple have hosts of friends in this city who wish them joy in their new relations.

POSTPONED.

Owing to the heavy storm which would prevent hundreds from attending who would wish to, the management has postponed the "Bellamy" dance until next week, the 22d inst, Washington's birthday.

CITY BRIEFS.

St. Valentine's day. It will be warmer in July. The river has been filled with floating ice today.

Mosquitoes are not very troublesome these days.

Old Loreas is entitled to an extended leave of absence.

Backs could not be hired for love nor money Monday evening.

Physicians were out today making their calls on horseback.

The restaurants and cafes were hierarchically patronized on Monday.

What has the oldest inhabitant to say about the long cold spells?

Regular meeting of General Edmund Marston command this evening.

The last day before Lent and many social parties are scheduled for this evening.

The least dealers had no business on Monday and the clerks had an easy day of it.

The unemployed all found work today and if anybody loafed it was his own fault.

Milkmen arrived in town about 11 o'clock, several of them driving four horses.

The police officers of Portsmouth never experienced a rougher night than that of Monday.

Mrs. J. M. Stevens has leased the Bartlett residence on State street for a boarding house.

The depot has been a busy place today and Operator Wallace has been kept on the jump.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

This weather is certainly old-fashioned enough to suit the most complaining of the oldest inhabitant.

The disagreeable weather on Monday kept many local people from attending the county farm inspection.

The streets were deserted on Monday evening and many men were forced to enjoy the comforts of home.

Merchants and store keepers were late in opening up their offices and places of business this morning.

The new life saving station at Hampton is not yet manned owing to the non arrival of the equipment for this place. Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 24 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

Many men who had business down town on Monday night were forced to seek lodgings at the hotels and at the clubs.

The mail carriers had a hard time of it getting around this morning, but one good thing they had only local mail to deliver.

Supt. Simpson sounded the "no school" signal again today making two successive days in which there has been no school.

The mail sacks were slung over the backs of mail carriers at the post office this morning and conveyed to the depot in that manner.

Owing to the storm, the Pythian Sisterhood were forced to postpone their whist party on Monday evening until Wednesday evening.

Frank W. Knight, the well-known shoe man, is having his store refitted, and a new floor and ceiling have been among the improvements.

The Rabbit Stew club are to partake of one of Landlord Webb's famous rabbit suppers at the New Marlboro on Thursday evening.

Janitor Gregg of the custom house was one of the fortunate ones, the snow obligingly blowing from the pavement around the custom house building.

On Good Friday evening at Christ church, Stainer's Sacred Cantata, "The Crucifixion" will be sung by a special choir, of which Messrs. George Harroun and Charles W. Gray will be the soloists.

The Junior Epworth league of the Methodist society were to hold a business meeting and reception at the residence of Rev. William Warren on Court street on Monday evening, but the storm caused a postponement.

The passengers who arrived on the Conway train last evening were snow bound here and many of them remained in the passenger station all night and obtained what sleep they could curled up on the settees in the waiting rooms.

The past ten days has been tough on the shipping and but little coal has arrived at this port. Up the state soft coal is running short and unless the coal on the way arrives in a few days some of the mills and manufactories will have to shut down.

Supt. Harding of the life saving district stated yesterday that the present month has been the hardest on the men of the life saving station within his memory. Nearly every station has one or more men out sick and the well ones have suffered terribly in patrolling their beats. The life of a life saver in winter is no sinecure.

PERSONALS.

F. A. Christie of Dover passed Monday in this city.

Miss Martin Chandler is quite ill at her home on Ma ket Street.

The friends of A. M. Lang were surprised to learn that he was ill.

The friends of F. L. Marks will regret to learn that he is not so well.

E. P. Kimball, Esq., left on Monday on a business trip to New York city.

County Commissioner L. L. deBouchmont visited the county farm on Monday.

Sheriff John Fender went to Brentwood on Monday to visit the county farm.

George Fernald, who has been seriously ill, was reported much better on Monday.

Mr. Charles Robinson, the well-known Boston commercial traveler, was here on Monday.

J. Lincoln Coleman will leave the latter part of the week on a week's gunning trip to Alton, N. H.

Mr. Ernest Coleman, who has been visiting in Laconia for the past two weeks, will return home today.

Miss Florence Curtis of Northwest street returned on Monday from a ten days' visit to friends in Rochester.

Mr. William Meade of Salem, Mass., collector for the Frank Jones' Brewing Co., was here on business on Monday.

The many friends of Thomas E. Rider will be glad to learn that he is decidedly better and promises to make a quick recovery.

Hon. Frank Jones is to make his annual visit to Tunk Pond on Monday evening next with the Tunk Pond fishing party.

William H. Danbar and family, of Brockton, Mass., have moved to this city and taken the house No. 10 Maplewood avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Elwell, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sheppard on Court street, will return to her home in Newton on Wednesday.

Dr. Lemuel Pope, Jr., was to read a paper before the Maine Academy association on Monday evening, but owing to the failure of the train from Boston to arrive, the trip to Portland was abandoned.

Today, Tuesday, a party of ladies and gentlemen of this city join one of the Royal Blue Line excursions to Washington. The party includes Dr. S. F. A. Pickering and wife, Herbert B. Dow, Mrs. Albert C. Anderson and daughter, Elisha T. Cotton and others.

YORK.

YORK, ME., Feb. 12. We clip the following concerning one of our liveliest citizens from the Bangor Commercial:

"H. E. Evans of York Village is in town this week looking after his business interests, having previously visited our village and contracted for a large number of railroad ties. Mr. Evans has recently interested New England and New Brunswick capitalists in a movement to build a dam and erect a pulp mill at the Narrows on the Tobique river New Brunswick. Active operations will begin as soon as a franchise can be obtained. The site selected is an excellent one for a plant of this kind and the stock on the headwater of the river is almost inexhaustible. Mr. Evans is very enthusiastic in regard to the project and there will be no lack of funds to make the new undertaking successful."

Mr. Evans returned home Friday night. He was accompanied on the trip by Mr. Charles L. Grant, who, while in Caribou and neighboring towns, purchased a car load of cows, which arrived in Portsmouth Saturday afternoon. Mr. Evans says that on Wednesday the mercury stood at 33 degrees below zero in many places in Aroostook country. Caribou is not so warm as York after all.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

Rev. George W. Gile, pastor of the Middle street Baptist church, will on Sunday evening next begin a series of sermons of special interest to young people.

His themes with their dates are as follows: Sunday evening, Feb. 19—The glory of Young Men.

Sunday evening, Feb. 26—A Tribute to True Womanhood.

Sunday evening, March, 5.—The Keeping of the Heart.

Sunday evening, March, 12.—A Sad Ruin and a Great Sorrow.

Sunday evening, March, 19.—Near the Kingdom.

Sunday evening, March, 26.—The Way of Life.

WHIST TOURNAMENT.

Two games were played in the P. A. C. whist tournament on Monday with the following result: Scruton and Conner defeated Parker and McDonough, 30 to 17.

CLUB NOTES.

Portsmouth Athletic Club.
 The regular meeting of the Portsmouth Athletic club was held Monday evening with President Drew in the chair. Three new members were voted in and three members from the associate list were transferred to the active.

It was voted to hold a ladies' night in the near future and a committee will be appointed to arrange for the same at once.

Warner Club.
 The following was the result of the first night's play in the Warner club's whist tournament, which started Monday evening:

Holmes and Oldfield defeated Young and Drake 20 to 14.

Farber and Locke defeated Urch and Rowe 20 to 14.

Chick and Edson defeated Young and Drake 20 to 15.

Taylor and Shipleigh defeated Holmes and Oldfield 20 to 5.

There are eight teams entered, and each team is to play three, twenty point games, with every other team. Considerable interest is manifested in the tournament, and the games Monday evening were watched by a large number of club members.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS—WARD FOUR.

A caucus of the republicans of ward four will be held at the South Ward room on Thursday evening, Feb. 16th, 1899, at seven o'clock, to nominate candidates to be supported at the coming city election.

J. M. VAUGHAN, Chairman, S. T. NEWTON, Secretary.

DESIGNER AND DECORATOR.

An opportunity to furnish plans and estimates for all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING.

Is sufficient to convince all that it is wise to consult me.

Best of reference for high class work.

J. E. Hoxie

Buy Now!

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Sins and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE,
 Stone Stable—Fleet Street

ANNUAL MARK-DOWN SALE OF

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Boots and Shoes

C. Fred Duncan's.

Men's Odds and Ends of Blacks and Russsets, \$2.50 and \$3.00, now.....99c

Men's Winter Russsets, \$3.50 marked down to.....\$2.77

Men's Black Lace, \$1.50 marked down to.....\$1.24

Men's Black Lace, \$2.50 marked down to.....\$1.90

Men's Congress, \$2.50 and \$3.00 marked down to.....\$1.49

Men's Willow Calf, \$5.00 marked down to.....\$3.00

Men's Patent Leathers, \$3.50 marked down to.....\$2.00

Men's Leather lined Fox Calf, \$3.50 marked down to.....\$2.78

Ladies' Slippers, \$1.25 and \$1.00, now.....49c

Ladies' Button and Lace, sizes 21-2, 3 and 31-2, former price \$2.50, now.....99c

Other Small Sizes of \$2.00 Shoes.....49c

50 Pairs of Minnie's 13 and 131-2 Spring Heels, \$1.50 and \$1.25, now.....59

WE MAKE CANDY.

If you desire fresh CANDIES visit headquarters.

The sale and manufacture of all high class CANDIES is our business.

J. H. TAYLOR

FAY BLOCK

Granite State

Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000.

OFFICERS:

President, FRANK JONES;

Vice President, JOHN W. SANDORN;

Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD;

Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY

Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM;

Executive Committee, FRANK JONES, JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A. SINCLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE, and E. H. WINCHESTER.

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED

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